

3
Your & Country

neighborhood

28

Child of thy country / over the grass
They bullet you - do lightly pass
The Deformed Child.

When summer days are long & warm, though
They let my little chair
Without the door, and in the sun they leave
They leave me sitting there;
Their many thoughts come to my mind, that
The others never know,
About myself and that I feel, and what
And what was long ago.

There are no less than six of us, and all
And all of them as tall
And stand ^{and} ~~and~~ you may see, look'd
but I was also very small;
The neighbours look at me, & and say
I grow not with the rest,
Your father stoln my head, says.
The least are sometimes best.

You are happy in our home ~~as~~
as ever people were.

Yet some times father looks as if
his heart was full of care;
When things go ~~wrong~~ about the house,
No mother need will be;

But mother of mine ~~said~~ spoke
A few words unto me.

And I will think often, and then
I never can feel dull
And pray to God to make me good,
And kind, and dutiful;
And when I think on him that deed,
It makes my heart goes light,
To know that such things on earth
are precious in his sight. — *Jos. Greenwell.*

The Meeting.

1870-1871

Glad as Charley was to go to Greenport he was not more glad than his little country ones were to have a visit us. They all went with their gathering to the station to meet him. And when little Dick saw a train come puffing along, he began to stand and clapping hands. For he thought to be sure no train would come for nothing else but just to bring Charley. When the train stopped, and as Charley got out, poor little Dick began to cry. The other children knew better. They however had train still in view from London at all; and that they must wait half an hour before Charley was there.

At last the London train came steam up in, and a little boy with bright eyes and a rather pale face was ~~pumped~~^{jumped} out of a third class car.

The little Browns knew in a minute that it was their com. com., though they had never seen him before. So they all ran upstairs too, trying to say a word to poor Charley.

Past Mr. Brown soon came up with Charley's step-page too; and he asked me with strange air about his poor way. Red thought his condition was a very direful one to have com a hundred miles in a train by steam - so.

The boy, and Dick and little Rose were soon popped into the carriage car. The next walk up and down stairs and then, Charley found a table covered by my little girl at the light of a candle on a flower branch set about every thing, and the little Browns soon found they had plenty to eat when dinner was over.

"Oh, mother, marguerite have a picnic in the woods to day? Charley has never been in a wood in all his life!" Said Ned at breakfast morning.
Mrs. Brown thought it would be a ~~very good~~ ^{Red's} good plan a ~~very good one~~ so she packed ~~an~~ a basket with full of apple turn ^{were} were bread & butter, & a box of milk, and sent the children off for the day to Barren Wood which was not more than a mile off through the fields.
Red knew the way very well, but they could hardly get Charley along: what with the frogs in the ditch, & the butter-flies, & the flowers in abundance, which covered the banks in London boy was wild with delight. He did not know the names of many flowers but buttercups & violets: so Mary taught him the pretty names of the little blue forget-me-nots, ^{tiny} ~~tiny~~ named of the little blue forget-me-nots, ^{tiny} ~~tiny~~ ~~tiny~~
~~gathered~~ on her belt, & for gloves, and had some other flowers he had ^{gathered} ~~gathered~~
At last they got to the Wood. It was a fine wood, and you could see the round bunches of fir trees in long lines; and the sun shone only fitfully and then through the green roof made by the branches and leaves of the trees. Charley said: "It looks like a cathedral, and is just as quiet, and, oh, just the birds are the singing ^{birds} listen a hour! I wonder who they just outside both when they come to sing in their nests?"
Ned was a choir boy, and he caught up at the mention of a bird just on his white surplice before he began to sing.
"What are these long brown things under foot?" said Charley. "Mistletoe," cried little Dick. "Yes," said Ned, ^{because they are evergreen and delicious} we call them breeders, but father says they are really the leaves of the fir-trees. Did you ever see leaves of such a funny shape?" And Ned, what is this funny thing? Now pretty ^{it is} ~~it is~~

This is a cone. It is a dear-to-father cone, and lot
to hold the seeds of the pine tree. Father says that a
mother pine tree makes ~~the~~^{the} finest cones in the world, evenings,
& tells them in the house. They are game ones though
to play with. Let us get a cone.

Other day want ed his cones was to run away no
here, just where they liked, & leave the broad
path all to go on. But Mary told him they
would get lost if they did: the wood was so big.
They never could find their way home again if
they went far out of the path.

By and by there came to an opening in the wood
where there was some high rocks, which the child can
climb off. And Mrs. Gray said how big
the wood was. Where ever he looked at there was
nothing but the tops of trees spread out like a
great green field. "Why," he said, "it would be
like getting lost in the streets of London, ^{and not mind}
lose your way in this wood? I ~~said~~ ^{never thought} there
were so many trees in this forest!"

"Not now, father says there used to be wolves
in these woods once, & then it would not have
been safe for us to come here. But now there
is nothing bigger than a rab, but, you know, maybe,
a fox goat."

"Look, look! What is that growing little brown
yellow in the tree? See, he is holding something
in his two little paws, & will blow it, & what
a tail he has to be sure!" "Oh! That is a squirrel;
there are lots of them in the trees. He is eating
a nut, and when he has done, you will see him
run along the branches at a great rate."

The child ran then found a tiny little nest among
the rocks, and they sat down to eat their dinner. When
they had done this, they found their way to a hazel
copse, where there were lots of nuts. And every time they
shout it, "Oh! Here are the best, do come here!" Then one will pick
one up, & say, "Hark!" And then the others pull out of their caps, ^{large}
and wear; And then was much laughing about it, for they lay and lay.

"Farm on Knob-ly has been here child-ren,
and what do you think? You are to go to-morrow
^{in high} to help ~~forth~~ as the apples appear in his orch-and.
He says you may eat as many as you like, but
mind you keep to one! If nobody want less than
then give, or I shall have you ill!"
Hark! cried the boys, while the little girls
jumped for joy. The break-fast was half over, when
Off they all ~~went~~ to the parson. Mr. Knob-ly let them in
all the way to the parson. Mr. Knob-ly let them in
and gave them bread again to keep them ~~from~~
every body was ready to go to the orch-and.
new, great ~~old~~ basket, and hand-pers, were brought
out, & ~~clothes~~ to spread under the ~~old~~ trees ~~now~~, ~~the~~ with
with the parson at their head.

"Up you get, boys!" said he; and Ned was up on
apple-tree in a minute. Poor charley tried
to ~~scram~~ ~~up~~ up; and at last the parson took
him on his shoulder & ~~prop~~ ped him in ~~among~~
a branch. "I tell you to begin work,"

"Get away now boys, until ~~the clothes~~ are spread.
And what a treat they had! You never tasted
such sweet rosy apples as cover ed the boughs
of those trees. The girls had their share too, for
the parson ~~had~~ up little Dick, & threw
apples into their pincers.

But by and by the girls and Dick were lifted
into trees, too, and work began. There were
big cloths under each tree, spread on the soft
grass. And down came quite a shower
of apples, for the child-ren did not stop to
pick but just ~~choke~~ the branch-es.

When one tree was clear of the boys scrambled
at another, and last ats and hand-pers were
full of and carried ~~out~~ to the way. And what a day!
And poor Ned was to the score! and now they all
said who could pick the most? Who could climb
the tree with the big ~~best~~ apples?

Freddy and the Cherry Tree.

Freddy saw come ripe cherries,

Hanging on a cherry tree,

And he said, "You pretty cherries,

Will you not come down to me?"

"Thank you kindly," said a cherry,

"We would rather stay up here;

If we went down this master of
If you would eat us up, I fear."

You would eat us up,

One by one out of the cherry,

Dangled from a slender twig.

"You are beautiful," said Freddy.

"You are beautiful," said Mr. How big!"

"Red, and ripe, and Mr. How big!"

"Catch me," said a cherry, catch me,

Little master, if you can."

"I would catch you soon," said Freddy,

If I were a grown-up man."

Freddy jumped, and tried to reach it,

Standing high upon his toes;

But the cherry bobbed about,

And laughed, and tickled Freddy's nose.

"Never mind," said little Freddy,

"I shall have them when it's night."

But a black bird whistled bold by,

"I shall eat them all to night!"

and off it flew,

In Black-cap Hill.

"What do you say to Black-cap for to-day child-ren?"
"Oh mother, what a famous thought! Will you pull
us up some don now in a bas-net and let us go
to the day?"

"Yes if you are good can you know the way, Chas. Ley.
I will do ~~you~~ you. Go down this road until you
come to the ~~old~~ ^{old} ~~bent~~ ^{bent} fence on the left. Then
take the road ~~gate~~ ^{gate} on the right, and you ~~are in~~ ^{will be in}
path which lead to the hill.
They had not gone very far before Black-cap came
in sight. Chas. Ley had heard of him, or ~~tell~~
but he had never seen a hill in his life; so when
he saw Black-cap, he said, "Oh, that is not a
very high ~~hill~~ ^{hill}: I shall be at the top in five
minutes."

"Wait till you get near it," said Ned. And
when they got to the foot of the hill Ned found he
had made a mistake. There it stood a
great giant with a gin-rod in its broad
which looked like a Black-cap; and so
broad that the child-ren could not have walked
round its base in a whole day.

The sides were covered with long grass, and
bracken, a ~~heath~~ ^{little} ~~is~~ ^{is} pretty little
purple flowers, and big stones called boulders.
The child-ren went up by a narrow steep path,
and Chas. Ley soon called out, "What's this?
little black berry poor to eat?" "Oh that is
a bil-berry! Here are lots! What a pity we did
not bring cans to fill us with them."

"What is no matter with me, I can not breathe!"
cried Chas. Ley who had been running up
hill rather fast. "Oh, sit down and rest a bit.
we always have to rest pretty often before we
get to the top of Black-cap." That
was a long way we can see! And that makes
with the path a double small enough for how to carry
~~both~~

"This plough and all, on her poor old soul!"
An old woman said and let the little ones come:
They could not have climbed up this hill."

"Is that Green-pap over there where the church is
amongst the trees?" I said, and that white old half
a-fors way to the right is Broad-green; and
yonder, forth or still, is Redfern. Our lawns. I can
see three church spires from here."

Part II

"Hooray! we are almost at the top now." "We
that is only a shoulder of the hill; we have
a long slope to climb yet." And soon enough.
When Charley got to the top of the shoulder, he
found that the real top, the summit, seemed
as flat as ever.

"I'm hungry," said Fred. "So am I," and I.
So they found a place close by a table and sat
down on the short-ales of Black - eep to eat
their dinner.

But the world had no mind to let them alone.

Friday, 7th We were off Mary's last & went to
Hawthorne down hill. There, Ned's caps went & then
Peter's hand-horn-clay. What a chase they
had! The hat was the next poss. for it would be
quite still till come one almost caught it, &
then off it would clatter at a gallop with no
one caught - my child ran after it "

"Does it always blow like this up here?" - "Yes, it does."
"Oh you've always had a good breeze over the
Black hills. But we're not at the
top yet. We have a good bit of climbing
to do so we had best let make haste."

Off they start - all a-pair, and after one or two
more nests they ground near below in the wet
lot of black-caps. Here the wind was so strong
it could hardly fly, in fact, just "let it run."
The work for Fletcher & Williams to do sat down to use
the will of Fletcher himself he who in no case would
have thought of going to their London church.

Drive the nail aright, boys,
Hit it in the head;
Strike with all your might, boys
While the iron is red.

When you've work to do, boys,
Do it with a will;
They who reach the top, boys,
First must climb the hill.

Handing at the foot, boys,
Farin' at the shop,
How can you get up, boys?
If you want me?

Through you climb up, boys,
Never be cast down - cast;

Up, and try again, boys.
You'll succeed at last.